Of Gods and Courtship

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Of Gods and Courtship

by orphan_account

Summary

Will Graham is the youngest child of Hades, unaware of the fact that he's being courted by Hannibal, a old god from a forgotten time. Hannibal has some competition though, plus Hades isn't willing to let his youngest go anytime soon.

Notes

beta read for once yea, by my awful Captain Kork
prompt from this kink meme
Hannibal belongs to Brian Fuller and co.

See the end of the work for more notes

Intro - Sleepless Nights

Will Graham was having another nightmare. He would blame his older brothers Hypnos and Thanatos for his trouble, but he knew this wasn't their work. Despite their love of mocking him he knew nightmares induced by Hypnos went along the lines of something stupid, like Will eating his own eyes. They certainly did not have a giant raven-feathered stag stalking him through the woods. He didn't recognize this being the work of Thanatos, either, his curses never took on this type of surreal state. He knew the only way to get these nightmares to stop was to summon his father, but he swore he would never call upon Hades for anything. He was an extremely overprotective god, simply because Will was still a child. Hades never acted this way with the twins.

Being the youngest, Will was used to being coddled by his father. This overbearing affection increased during the spring and summer, when Will's mother left to be with his grandmother. Will remembers his mother coming back to the underworld exhausted, but happy. Her cheeks were pink, and she always had a bouquet of flowers for him and would help him make flower crowns for himself and his brothers. Hypnos and Thanatos would always smile and indulge him by wearing them around the underworld. The crowns never lasted long, but they were his favorite memory. His father always watched them with a fond look in his eyes, and he always told them that he would do anything to prevent their suffering.

Will knew, if Hades caught the barest hint of his son's distress, all of Will's hard work would be gone. Hades wasn't happy about letting his son out of his direct line of sight in the first place. He even resorted to a number of tricks to keep Will 'safe,' like spying on his son. He sent three hell hounds to protect him and report back to him about anything unusual they had seen or heard. Will got up to check to see if they were all there, he was nervous they had heard him panicking in his sleep. He walked in to the living room where all of the dogs slept and began to count them.

"One, two, five… Famulus, where are the other two?" Will asked the large scraggly-looking mutt that had been sitting in the corner, staring at him. Will had a bad feeling about this.

"They are reporting to your father, young Prince." The hound responded. Then he backtracked, seeing his master's face. "It's only a quick check in, to make sure young prince is fine. You've been having several distressing nightmares, and you know your father has us reporting everything we see."

Will couldn't contain the look of horror on his face, his father would definitely panic. He might have been promised a lifetime in the light, but Hades wouldn't hesitate to take it away from him if he found out Will was hiding things from him. He understood his father's concern, but he couldn't go back to the underworld now, not when his work was doing others good. He could practically hear his father's voice, chastising him for not taking care of himself. He sat down and sighed, gods know how long Canem and Lupus have been gone. He knew that if they hadn't already gone to the underworld he could have stopped them, maybe even coaxed them into downplaying how bad his nightmares have been. He

desperately tried to reach out and call his hounds back, but he could only feel a vague remnant of their prescience. It was no use, they were gone, and so was his time on earth.

Kings and Hounds

Chapter Summary

Canem and Lupus have some disturbing news to report to Hades.

Chapter Notes

Ok so this isnt beta read so I would appreciate any mistakes pointed out to me, thanks

See the end of the chapter for more notes

In a deep crevice in the center of the universe, a two hell hounds padded through a giant palace to the throne room of Hades. Upon finding it empty, they began to search the rest of the place, looking for their master. They finally found him in his bedroom resting with his wife, Persephone.

"This had better be good, Canem." The old god whispered, not wanting to wake his wife. She had just gotten back from the upper world and needed as much sleep as she could get. Crossing between worlds was exhausting for her, so she normally spent the first few days back home resting.

"Apologies for the interruption, my king, we are simply reporting on the young prince." Canem whispered. He was terrified, his master was just as protective of Persephone as he was of Will. If he made one false move, he would be killed, painfully.

"William? How is he?" The god asked, staring down Canem and Lupus, daring them to bring him bad news.

"My king, our sources tell us that the young prince has unwittingly found favor with another being." Lupus said, trembling. Hades was not going to like this at all. "We do not know what this creature is, it is one that neither Canem nor I have seen. Famulus doesn't know what this thing is either. It frightens us, we cannot kill it." For a long time no one spoke. Finally, Hades broke the silence.

"I sent you two along with Famulus to earth to protect Will, and this is the news you bring back. An unknown suitor, that of which you've never seen before, is after my son?" Hades whispered, furious.

"Y-yes, highness," Lupus stuttered, "but rest assured, we will -"

"Handle it?" Hades mocked. He was in no mood for games. These hounds were becoming useless to him and to Will. "How do you know William has a suitor? What proof is there?"

"Young prince has been having dreams lately that haven't been induced by his brothers. These dreams even haunt his waking hours. He has described seeing a raven-feathered stag with antlers as sharp as knives." Canem said, hoping Hades would know what this is. Neither him nor his brothers have heard or seen any sort of monster or god like this, and it worried him greatly.

"There might be another explanation for this phenomenon, sire." Lupus added. "We've just made a guess at what it could be."

"I have never heard of such a beast." Hades mused. "We must have Thanatos and Hypnos look at this." Hades pulled out a scrap of parchment, and wrote down a message. "Give this to Hypnos, and Hypnos only. I do not trust Thanatos with carrying out this urgent task on time." Hades gave the parchment to Canem and told the hounds to leave him and his wife in peace

Chapter End Notes

Canem = Dog
Lupus = Wolf

Sacrifices and Servents

Chapter Summary

Hannibal's Pov

Chapter Notes

Not beta read i'll change this note if that changes
OK I actually loved Franklyn, poor guy just didn't know how to make friends and was easily attached to anyone who gave him attention. thus the pseudo - erotomania thing he's got going on with Dr. Lecter and sevral of his other psychiatrists.

The air was cold and wet where Hannibal was. Persephone has left her mother and returned to her husband, taking all warmth with her. The winter chill was quickly setting in, making his bones sing. He knew his mortal form was weakened because he had not truly eaten in days. He wasn't able to take in as much nutrients as he normally did. A majority of his sacrifices went to Will as courting gifts. So far, there was no formal acceptance of courtship from the young godling, but William still unwittingly responded to his gifts beautifully. He's even begun to eat at Hannibal's table at least once a week.

There was a car coming up the road, breaking Hannibal out of his reverie. His newest victim was coming this way. This one would have to be all for him, the lack of proper food in his belly was wearing him thin. Hannibal shifted into the giant Ravenstag that was his true form and stepped out onto the nearly deserted road. There was a honking noise and the screech of tires desperately trying to swerve out of the way, but it was too late. Hannibal's prey crashed into him, totaling the cheap car.

The man inside stumbled out to get a good look at what he hit. However, all he could see was a tall man standing in the middle of the road where some sort of moose was there before.

"Hey, buddy! What the fuck happened? Did you see that moose thing? Was the hell was that thing?" The man was full of questions, but those would stop soon enough.

Hannibal said nothing as he stalked towards the extremely rude electrician who had the nerve to overcharge Hannibal for shoddy workmanship. The man annoyingly continued to talk at Hannibal.

"Hey, don't I know you from somewhere? Yeah, I think I worked on your office lighting earlier in the month. H-how did you get out here? What the fuck are you doing? S-stay back!

I have a weapon! I'll beat the shit outta you, man!"

Hannibal could feel the fear radiating off of this sniveling man in front of him and it was glorious. He was finally standing over the little man, who at this point, was cowering and trying to get back into his wrecked vehicle. Hannibal cornered him and knocked the man unconscious and hauled him over his shoulder. He needed to get his prey back home before he woke up.

As Hannibal carried the body back to his car, he heard a large bush rustle next to him. Hannibal sighed and turned to face the source of the noise.
"Franklyn," Hannibal sighed, "I thought we agreed if I allowed you to serve me you would do as I say. I also believe I told you to deliver that package to Bedelia and then go back home. I no longer need you tonight."

A small rotund man stumbled out of the brush and walked up to Hannibal, wringing his hands. "Dr. Lecter," the man said, "I did do as you asked, but I-I wanted to see if you needed any more help with the harvest."

"Franklyn, you must learn to follow my instructions to the letter. I do not take disobeyed orders lightly. However, you are in luck. I need you to go to this address in Wolftrap, and leave this on the doorstep for my consort. It's high time I began courting him in earnest. The virgin prince of the underworld will mature within the next year, and I can't afford to lose him to some unworthy suitor."

Franklyn took the bag from his master and ran off to where his car was parked, hidden from view of the road. He knew better to look at what was inside the bag. Hannibal would find out if Franklyn looked, and the second he got wind of his servant being rude, he would be the next main course on Hannibal's dinner table.

Hypnos and Thanatos

Chapter Summary

> Will's brothers come to visit. When they find out what was plaguing their brother, the two make a snap decision.

Chapter Notes

> this is a longer chapter for me
> hopefully they'll keep getting longer
> i'll probably need to go back over it in the morning
> but for now its going up
> not beta read, if you see mistakes please point them out to me and i will fix them post-haste

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Not long after Will had finally gotten to sleep he was woken up by a crash in his living room, followed by loud barking. Will sighed and rolled out of bed, completely giving up on getting any sleep. He shuffled into the living room, fully expecting to see his father standing there, intimidating his dogs. So, it was a pretty big surprise to see his older brothers standing awkwardly in the middle of his living room.

“Silas!” They both shouted when they saw him shuffle through his bedroom door. Will cringed at the sound of his birth name. He changed it to William when he followed his mother into the light on his sixteenth birthday. His father indulged him and called him William, but his brothers, Demeter, and Persephone still call him by his birth name.

“You two do realize that the only reason I tolerate you two calling me that is because I can’t take you both on in a fight, right?” Will sighed. He was in for a long talk, his brothers were here for a reason. The two always tried to avoid the upper world if they could. They preferred the dark underworld like Hades.

“Silas, child, we've received a distressing message from father earlier. Apparently you’re being haunted by strange dreams.” Hypnos said, ignoring Will’s comments.

“I am not a child, and I am fine. These haven’t been going on for very long and I can handle it. I know I can.” Will responded. He appreciated their help, but it was unneeded.

“William,” Thanatos sighed, and Will’s blood ran cold. He knew that if Thanatos used his preferred name, he was in for some shit news. “You might not be able to stay here if Lupus and Canem’s suspicions are true.”

“What suspicions?” Will whispered, the dreams were upsetting yes but, he didn't really think that his father would force him to go back over that. “Thanatos, what suspicions?”

“They think you are being courted.” Hypnos rushed, “It’s not set in stone but they are pretty certain.”

“That’s ridiculous,” Will laughed, “I haven’t received any sort of gift, or tribute. I know the signs of courtship. Gods know I've watched plenty of gods make fools of themselves, trying to woo each other. Half of the time it ends in death. Listen, I know father, he made me go over all of the finer aspects of so called romance with him. I can tell you now that even if someone was courting me, I wouldn't accept the gifts.”

“What if the courtship was done without your knowledge?” Thanatos asked, “There are other creatures out there you know, with ways different than ours. That includes courtship Will.”

“Those ‘other creatures you’re talking about are all long gone. They've all killed each other. They focused too much on trying to kill each other, rather than mating that they all died. The few that are left aren't even in America. They all reside in the northern regions of Scandinavia, preferring the extreme cold. I don’t think they even had courtship rules.”

“Will, every deity has courtship rules.” Hypnos said patiently, like he was talking to a small child. Technically, compared to Hypnos Will was a small child. It irked Will to no end.

“Let us take a look at the dreams you've been having.” Thanatos said, and before Will could say anything else, his brother threw sleep powder in his face. In the blink of an eye, William fell down with a heavy thud, unconscious. Hypnos picked up his little brother and carried him back to the bedroom. There they waited for Will’s dreams to start up again. They didn't have to wait for long.

“Hypnos, what is that?” Thanatos breathed, almost like he was worried he’d scare what he saw away. There, off in the corner was a dead soul. Back in the earliest centuries, the old gods would steal souls from Hades and keep them around to draw power from them. Zeus quickly put an end to that practice, and no one from the underworld had reported any thefts. This was drawn straight from the source, but Will didn't have the nature or the resources to take a man’s soul like that.

“This must be a gift from his suitor.” Hypnos said. “There’s no other explanation.”

“But, Hypnos. You heard what Silas said. The old gods are long gone, why would one be all the way out here, and what does it want with our younger brother?”

“I don’t know Thanatos, but Silas isn't staying here, it’s too dangerous. We have to take him back to the underworld as soon as possible. Gods knows where this thing is lurking, and we can’t waste any time dawdling here. Those things were powerful beyond measure. We’ll be

safe when we arrive back in our domain. Gather Will’s things, I’ll call the hounds. We’re moving him tonight.

Chapter End Notes

Silas = man of the forest
I'll write a story to go along with how Will got his current name

Broken Bonds

Chapter Summary

Hannibal finds out about Will's absence, so he calls in reinforcements.

Chapter Notes

I'm on a roll guys watch out.
Thank you for the comments i'm really glad you like it!
Not beta'd but please feel free to point out errors to me!
I also made a story about how Bedelia and Hannibal met, the link is at end notes
it also kind of gives a description of what Hannibal is

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal was walking back to his house when he felt it. His weak bond with Will had snapped, and he didn't know why. He ran inside to tie up his prey in the basement, and he pulled out his phone to call Franklyn. As he was dialing the number, he heard the man downstairs groan. He got a sudden idea. He cancelled the call to Franklyn and dialed a different number instead.

A tired voice answered, "Hannibal? Do you know what time it is? I still have a life outside of you and your needs, Hannibal."

"Bedelia, I am terribly sorry about calling you at this time, but you need to drive out to my house. I have a sacrifice for you to set up for me."

"Hannibal, you live almost an hour away, I haven't had time to properly prepare. You of all people should know how long a good sacrifice takes! I need at least a three day notice for-"

"Bedelia, listen to me. This isn't for me, I have to prepare to appeal to an Olympian."

"Hannibal, I only know the ecstatic rites. So unless you're trying to get the attention of Dionysus-"

"Bedelia, you are my high priestess, you are highly intelligent and resilient. I wouldn't have chosen you if I knew you couldn't do things like this for me."

"Alright, Hannibal. Give me a day at best and I'll -"

"Bedelia this is urgent!"

"Well whose fault is that, Hannibal?" Bedelia snapped back.

"Do not forget your place." Hannibal warned Bedelia. "We may be equals by name, but I am still your god."

Bedelia yawned, unimpressed. "And who will replace me should you decide to kill me, hmm? Oh I know! Franklyn! He's always so eager to help, he'd make a much better high priest than little old me."

"He wouldn't last through the initiation ceremony." Hannibal said in a dry voice. Bedelia's attitude when she's been woken up unexpectedly was disagreeable at best, but Hannibal had no time for her rudeness now. "I think something is wrong with Will and I need to be able to call upon the gods of the dead for assistance."

"The godling you were courting? Hannibal! I told you that it would be dangerous to court him. His father is extremely overprotective. It doesn't help that Will wasn't even aware that you were after him. Gods know what would've happened to us if you completed the courtship. You should just leave the poor god alone. Your kind has never intermingled species, so who knows what kind of effect you were having on the child. His parents must have figured out that someone was courting Will. Seeing as we're still alive and talking to each other, I'm going to say that they don't know it's you." Bedelia's said. She hoped Hannibal heeded her warnings and left Will alone, but she doubted it.

There was a long silence on Hannibal's end before he finally responded. "Find out all you can about sacrifices to the gods and be able to tell me all you know when I come up to your house in twenty four hours, Bedelia. Don't disappoint me."

Bedelia laid back down on the bed to think. There wasn't a lot of time before Hannibal would come, demanding answers and explanations. She didn't want to risk facing Hannibal with nothing. She felt her palm burn, the priestess mark there reminding her of her obligations. Hannibal placed that mark there when she became his confidant and familiar. Sometimes, she really regrets not taking a chance on her husband.

Chapter End Notes

Bedelia's story

Kingdom of gods

Chapter Summary

Will wakes up in the underworld. He is less than happy about his predicament.

Chapter Notes

So I'll elaborate on the old gods and what they were later on in the story I promise. Btw Hypnos and Thanatos are actually some pretty fucked up gods and I'm gonna put that to use later on.

Will woke up in a bed five times more comfortable than his own. The smell of several dogs had been replaced with the stench of ash and dead flowers. Will shot out of bed to see where he was, cold dread seeping into his heart. As he looked around his suspicions were confirmed. He was in his old bedroom, back in the underworld.

"No no no no no no no." Will groaned. "This isn't happening, I can't be back here already." Will turned towards the door to see his father striding through it, a sympathetic look on his face.

"You promised!" Will yelled before his father could even open his mouth. "A lifetime! That's what was promised to me! A lifetime! Gods be damned, I've barely seen the light!"

"Silas, calm yourself. You're brothers believe you're being courted by an old god. They brought you here so you'd be safe."

"Safe." Will scoffed, "I want to know who this suitor is."

"Hold your tongue, child. You will return once we convince the god to end the suit."

"How? The old gods are horrid beasts. The resemble Christian demons. They're cunning and they only look out for themselves. Do you know how rare it is? For one to take a mate? It's only happened once in recorded history. They disappeared once the titans were locked away by Zeus. You know Zeus had a low tolerance for the old gods. He probably locked them away with Cronus and the others. He couldn't kill them off, so he ran them off into the colder regions. They were too powerful to lock away completely."

"First of all, Silas, what have I told you about telling me about our history? I am history! I was there! You weren't. Second, do you know how rare you are? You are the only god that

has been born in the past two millennium. The mortals have lost faith in us, we can no longer breed with them, and we have closed ourselves off from one another. A miracle amongst gods." Hades was exasperated. His youngest had an uncanny knack for stating the obvious.

"Despite how much you want me safe father, you have to let me go back. I want to finish my work with the mortals. You know how important that is to me."

"We'll see son. Is there anything you need while you're here? Your mother is still resting, but I'm sure your brothers would love to beg for your forgiveness for bringing you down here." Hades finished with a smirk. Thanatos and Hypnos were notoriously ruthless gods. They were well known for their brutality in the underworld, but they had an eternal soft spot for Will, much like the rest of the gods. Nothing brings creatures together like a new babe, and despite the fact that in the god's lifetime Will was almost an adult, they still treated him like a child to be coddled and protected. Will hated that. In the upper world, he was treated as an adult, he was important, he helped people.

He just, didn't expect he needed to kill anyone.

Despite the fact that will's father was the king of death, Will has never killed anyone. He's only ever glimpsed the souls outside his bedroom window as they passed through. He rarely left the castle for anything, and certainly never went into the common grounds, where the souls were kept. He never had a reason to, until now.

"Father, do you remember a family of souls coming through Styx? The father and daughter's names were Abigail Hobbs and Garrett Jacob Hobbs. I can't recall the mother's name."

"I remember the young girl and her mother coming through here, both of their necks had been slit. Neither of them could talk at all. The father, interestingly enough, only recently came through. Your brothers found him, hiding just out of the line of sight in your home."

"What? That’s impossible! I shot him after he killed his daughter! I saw their souls leave their bodies! None of the souls lingered, I'm sure of it."
"Do you remember seeing the soul of the father do anything out of the ordinary before he left? Anything at all?" His father asked, urgently. If Will could remember anything from that day, they might be able to find Will's suitor.

"No I was in shock, father. I shot a man seven times in the chest! I'd never killed anyone before. I remember coming to after sitting in an ambulance with Dr. Lecter, but that's it." Will sighed, he didn't like talking about killing Hobbs. It was a unique feeling, not unlike euphoria, and it terrified Will.

Hades knew he wasn't going to get anything out of Will today, so he changed the subject. "Why did you ask about the Hobbs family?"

"You kept saying something about me taking a few souls as servants and companions. I killed the girl's father and she won't even be properly reunited with him or her mother. I feel as if taking her out of the slums of the common grounds would be the least I can do for her."

Hades never understood his son's need for compassion, but he granted his son's wish, and sent one of the servants to go find Abigail Hobbs. After being reassured that Will wouldn't try to escape, Hades left for the throne room, to examine more souls.

Will wanted closure. He couldn't get the look of horror in that girl's eyes as she bled out on the floor of her once cheery-looking kitchen. He knew Abigail might never see her parents again, and if she did they wouldn't recognize her. Familial bonds tended to fade out in the underworld, while lovers spent eternity looking for each other.

Not long after Hades left, Will heard a knock on his door. When he opened it, there stood Abigail Hobbs pale as a sheet. The only color on her skin was an angry red line running across her neck.

The Summoning

Chapter Summary

Bedelia and Franklyn manage to get a hold of Hades, and naturally, the god of death isn't happy about why he's been called away.

Chapter Notes

Yeah son look at me go
Will and Hannibal will probably interact in the next three chapters.
so hopefully i can stick to my promise
and yeah
Matty is definitely gonna be introduced next chapter i can almost maybe guarantee
not beta read, please point out any errors and i will fix them post haste

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Bedelia looked up at the set up for her sacrifice to Hades. She was afraid it wouldn't work because Hades normally rejected human sacrifices. She hoped he would at least listen to her plea, because it was a different occasion than normal, plus no one has sacrificed to him in ages. She tried to tell him earlier that Hades would most likely prefer the blood of a black sheep or bull, but he did not listen as usual.

She finished tying up the man in the center of the altar and left to go change into her priestess garments. When she left the room Franklyn was there waiting for her, holding the shroud that was meant to cover her face for the ritual.

"Bedelia, I just have to say, it's an honor to be made a part of this ritual and I –"

"Franklyn, listen to me when I say this is a very dangerous process. I will be attempting to contact the god of the dead and ask his him if I can have his son so he can mate with one of the old gods. The best I can hope for is that he thinks I'm a fanatic and doesn't answer my prayers."

"What's the worse we can expect?" Franklyn asked, feeling faint.

"Well the way I see it you're the only mortal in this , so if you stayed, Hades might kill you out of spite, because he can't kill me. Hannibal will most likely be chased back into the cold from whence he came. The Olympians did not give me my immortality, so they cannot strip it

from me. So, I most likely will be made a slave to the highest bidder, a stroke of pure irony if you ask me."

"I don't understand why Hannibal wants to risk this much-"

"Trust me, he isn't taking any risks." Bedelia cut off "Hannibal has everything under control, and I have to say, even I'm not that worried about what's to come. Besides, I have no choice. Do you see this mark on my wrist? This is the one Hannibal branded into me when I agreed to becoming his priestess. To be honest I'm the one who is supposed to be hunting for his food, not him, but he likes the rush of the chase so who am I to stop his fun."

"Why isn't Hannibal here?" Franklyn asked.

"He has to wait for the opportune moment to show up. If Hades caught wind of Hannibal here, then he would see the trap. That's why we're doing the sacrifice at my house, and not Hannibal's."

Bedelia sighed. She had put this off for as long as she could. The sun was setting, and there was little time to waste.

"Last chance to leave Franklyn, I won't punish you if you decide to leave." Bedelia warned.

"I'm staying." Franklyn said in a firm voice, he really had his heart set on proving himself. Bedelia would have to make a note to talk to him about that, should they make it through this.

"Fine, but you must keep absolutely quiet, draw no attention to yourself, and do not look directly at Hades. Gods know you've had enough practice when you're dealing with Hannibal in his true form."

"You have my word."
"Good man."

Bedelia turned and walked back into the alter room followed closely by Franklyn. The man that was to be sacrificed was still tied up in the center of the Alter. His legs were tied to a pulley, which would haul him up and suspend him over the Alter, which was positioned at a slant that would allow blood from the victim to drain safely into the intricately carved crevices below. Bedelia donned her shroud and looked up at the victim, who was being slowly lifted up over the Alter by the pulley that Franklyn was controlling. Once the man was suspended, she grabbed a bone knife made out of one of Hannibal's antlers and quickly slit the man's throat. As the blood drained from the man's chocking body, Bedelia kneeled down and pounded on the floor with her hands to catch the death king's attention, while chanting the old prayers.

Suddenly the earth began to shake, and out of the darkness came a tall man with dark curly hair, a long beard, and eyes as dark as the void. He was covered in scars and had the sacred runes of the dead carved into his skin. His long flowing robe was pitch black and he had a scythe in his hands.

“It’s been a long time since someone has summoned me using human sacrifice.” The god said “Who are you?”

“Bedelia Du Maurier, your highness.”

“Why are you not giving me your real name Bedelia?”

“My name has long been stolen from me by my current master, my king. I am here on his behalf.”

“Master? You are no more a slave than I am, Bedelia, and I am fast growing impatient. Tell me what this master of yours wants.”

“He wants to formally ask for your youngest son’s hand in marriage.”

“And what is the name of this suitor, Bedelia Du Maurier?” Hades growled, stepping closer to Bedelia to tower over her.

“Hannibal, king of the old gods.”

Hades reared back in shock, he knew that Zeus had been after the old king ever since he locked away Cronus. He wanted to get a peace treaty out of him, and see if there would be a way that the Olympians could learn the ways of the old gods. If this Hannibal really was the king of the old gods, then Zeus wouldn't hesitate to sacrifice Silas, despite his brother’s wishes.

Before Hades could say or do anything there was a crack of lightning outside and Hades froze.

Zeus had heard what Bedelia said about the King of the Ancient ones.

And he was there to stake his claim.

Chapter End Notes

I searched all over Wikipedia for how to make a sacrifice to Hades
so i do take some pride in my work
the research part at least

Little white lies

Chapter Summary

Franklyn steps up and buys Bedelia some time

Chapter Notes

so i wanted a good franklyn-centric chapter
he tries so hard
dammit hannibal where are you

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Franklyn was on the verge of having a panic attack. He thought he was going to be brave and stand by Bedelia, but now he wasn't so sure. He knew Hades was coming, but he didn't anticipate the arrival of Zeus. Apparently Bedelia didn't either. Her face showed an odd mixture of shock and awe when she looked upon the face of the king of the gods, but she stood her ground. She no longer worshipped him, Hannibal had both of their undying devotion.

Where was Hannibal? Wasn't he supposed to be here? Franklyn didn't know much about the plan, Hannibal never told him anything, and Bedelia wasn't allowed to. The only thing Franklyn knew was that he was supposed to be Bedelia's help, and he was perfectly fine with that. However, he reasoned now was not the time to be in the dark. What if there was something he could do to help Bedelia? Franklyn decided he could at least give it his best shot.

"H-hello."

All eyes in the room turned towards him and Franklyn froze. It was really unnerving to be stared down by a bunch of things that could kill you. Right now Bedelia looked like she would be first in line, but Franklyn didn't care. He needed to buy her some time to let figure out a way to warn Hannibal about Zeus.

"What do want, child?" Hades said, Zeus still hasn't said anything.

"My mistress, Bedelia, is a slave to Hannibal. She has no choice but to follow his orders. I am not bound to him, because mistress took me as her assistant of her own accord. She has made contact with you, not to bargain, but to warn you. Hannibal wants your son because he needs to make way for his people, they are sick of living in the shadows. He believes that if he

takes the darling of the gods as his mate you'll have no choice but to give him what he wants."

At this point Bedelia was looking at him like he had grown a second head. He was lying through his teeth at this point, but from what he remembered about the Olympians, the two gods couldn't read minds. He didn't know what he'd do when they found out he was lying, but he'd cross that bridge when he got to it. He needed to buy Hannibal time to do whatever he needed to do.

Hades turned back to his brother to discuss with him what to do about Hannibal. Franklyn's heart was pounding in his ears and he could practically hear Bedelia praying that the two bought it. Suddenly in a crash of lightning Hades was gone and Zeus stood over the two. Eventually, he finally spoke.

"Well mortal, it seems you have unraveled what could have been a horrible plot against the gods. How can I repay you?"

Franklyn remembered the tedious lessons that Bedelia put him through about gods and how sneaky and selfish they were. She always made sure he knew that they would never freely give a gift to any mortal. They would always turn the gifts against them. If he asked for anything from them, then he would be indebted to the Olympians, and he wouldn't be able to return to Bedelia and Hannibal.

"I don't need anything from you, my king. I am satisfied protecting my mistress from the old god." Zeus looked like he wanted to argue, but he couldn't make anyone accept the gifts he offered. It was, however, the first time in a long time anyone was wise enough to do so. Zeus reasoned it must have been from seeing what happened to his mistress that made him wary of gods and the things they offered, and rightfully so.

Zeus nodded and with a flash of lightning was gone from the room.

Franklyn released the breath he was holding, only to suck it back in again when Bedelia stalked over to him.

"If you ever do that again," She growled, leaning in close, "I will personally feed you to Hannibal myself, do you understand?"

"Y-yes mistress." Franklyn stuttered. He was terrified of what Bedelia would do to him. He certainly wasn't expecting her to wrap her arms around him in a tight hug.

"Franklyn you cannot risk your life like that, but you have bought Hannibal time. I'm afraid it might be at the expense of yours when they realize what Hannibal is doing."

"I-what is he doing?" Franklyn asked.

"First let us get you to the safe house." Bedelia said, finally letting him go.

"What safe house?"

"Remember when Hannibal told you to lay out that bag of talismans out surrounding Will Graham's home?"

"Yes."

"Did you do it?"

"Of course! Exactly where Hannibal told me to."

"Perfect, the gods shouldn't be able to reach us once we get there, if you did it correctly."

"I told you, I did everything Hannibal told me to do, scout's honor."

Bedelia just shook her head. Franklyn has never let her down before.

Please don’t let this be the day he does.

Chapter End Notes

My Tumblr

Deals of the Dead

Chapter Summary

Hannibal sneaks into the underworld, he meets a potential ally along the way.

Chapter Notes

this took to long to plan out and I am dumb

Hannibal smiled when his plan began to fall into place. When Bedelia summoned Hades, the portal to the underworld was opened, allowing Hannibal to slip through.

As he climbed lower and lower into the cavern that would lead to the Styx, Hannibal began to smell a peculiar mix of scents. The smell of burning flesh mixed with rotting leaves, lake water, and oddly enough, pomegranate grew stronger as Hannibal descended further into the cavern.

The old god shielded himself from the prying eyes of those that guarded the entrance to the domain of Hades and began to wade through the Styx. He felt the caress of the souls that were waiting to be judged by Hades, silently begging him to take them away from this agonizing limbo. Hannibal ignored their pleas and forged on, his solid form allowing him to push forward through the slow, ever changing river.

As Hannibal progressed, he began to work out what he was going to say to Will when he found the young god. He wasn't paying attention to where he was going and he lightly brushed up against something, looking up, he saw it was an old rickety boat.

"The hell?" Came a voice from whoever was inside.

F

Hannibal was then greeted by the faculty of what looked to be a young man. The man cocked his head at Hannibal and grinned.

"Well, well looks like I've found myself a live one. How did you get down here? You certainly aren't a mortal, despite the nice little cloak you've got disguising yourself." He sounded like he was trying to flirt with Hannibal and this irked him to no end. However, he was curious as to how the man saw through his disguise, and how a live mortal was charting a boat through the Styx without being caught. "Well, come on up, no sense in you wading

your way through that filth, gorgeous." The man continued. "The names Charon by the way, can I ask yours?"

"For now I do not think it would be a good idea." Hannibal stiffly responded. He did not know what this man was capable of, or what he wanted. To know someone's name was to own them, in Hannibal's culture.

"Well let me ask you this, are you the one who has been after prince Silas?" The man asked with a smirk.

"How do you know about that?" Hannibal countered. What did this man want?

“Oh, I know everything that goes on down here. I’m surprised you made it as far as you did without me catching you. It’s the only reason I haven't sounded the alarm, yet. Are you trying to get to Will? I can lead you to him for a price.”

“What sort of price?”

“Well first I gotta tell you a little story. Ya see, I wasn’t born with the name Charon. It’s been passed down from the last ferryman. This job isn’t exactly a desired field, mostly because its boring as hell. The boss man picks someone from the hoard of the dead, and gives them a choice. You can either risk the judgment of your soul, or become a ferryman until something happens to you. I was a killer in my previous life. I was gunned down by a police officer in the middle of one of my kills, so I knew I wouldn’t do too well against any sort of judgment. They never told me what happened to the last person who had this job, but I really don’t want to know. We aren’t exactly immortal, we just, freeze, hell I still have my bullet wound, it still bleeds sometimes. "Anyway, I became good friends with the prince earlier, when Hades wouldn’t let Will out of the underworld, but he didn’t keep a close eye on him. So I offered to sneak Will out whenever he wanted, in exchange for some decent conversation. Will told me all about how the upper world has changed in my absence and I gave him a sense of freedom that he didn’t have previously. When Hades allowed Will to stay above for a short time, those stories stopped. Now he’s back, but Hades is watching him like a hawk, save for now, while he’s topside for some dumb reason. Now that you’re here, I can’t help but take advantage of an opportunity. I need you to take me with you when you leave. Plus, it’ll provide a great distraction, the second I leave, these souls are gonna go nuts, creating an enormous mess. If you don’t, I’ll drop you here and you can spend an eternity looking for the palace, the only way to find it is if you know exactly where it is. If you double cross me, I’ll send up an alarm. Deal?”

Hannibal sat back and thought about his options, he wasn’t aware of the palace situation. The news Charon gave him was brand new to him. Hannibal sighed and reasoned that there was nothing bad that could foreseeably come from bringing him along.

“Fine,” Hannibal said, “Take me to the palace and you may come back with us, what you do then is none of my concern.”

“Excellent.” Said Charon with a wink. He picked up some oars and began to row, whistling an almost familiar tune as he took Hannibal down the river.

The Escape

Chapter Summary

Hannibal and Charon navigate their way to Will

Chapter Notes

short chapter, I am sorry.
the next chapter is going to be another Bedelia and Franklyn chapter where they'e just road tripping it out to Will's house

Hannibal and Charon made their way to Hades' palace. It looked to be made out of obsidian with opal fixings. It was a beautiful palace and Hannibal paused to admire the way the opal reflected what little light there was down there. It somehow made the darkness of the obsidian look softer.

"Yeah, yeah, ol' Hades has a thing for opulent stuff, I wasn't here when the opal was added, though. I think Persephone added that a while after she came to live down here, maybe around the time Will was born." Charon said, "Come on, we've gotta get moving. Who knows when Hades is getting back, and I don't want to get caught by him, especially with you. He might send those damn twins of his after me. The last time I talked to Hypnos, he decided he didn't like my attitude, and he gave me the worst nightmares that lasted almost a week."

Hannibal just nodded him forwards, not really listening. He was hoping that he would get to Will in time to execute his plan. Hannibal's shield is only good against the lower gods, the guards, and workers, Hades would see right through it and then it would be all over for him. He was barely holding it up against Hypnos and Thanatos. His energy was draining, because he hadn't eaten properly in a while. He trusted Bedelia would handle that accordingly.

"Come on, keep up! It'd be great if you tried to focus a little." Charon chirped. He made it all the way up the stairs when Hannibal was lost in his musings.

Charon took him through a long and twisted hallway that ended with a giant door inscribed with the old language in gold. They were mostly blessing and protection spells, probably written there by Demeter and Persephone.

Charon opened the door to find Will and the soul of a young girl sitting in front of a fireplace, talking. Before anyone could do anything Hannibal pulled out a bag that was strapped to his side and opened it, sucking everyone in the room into the bag.

"Now to get out of here." Hannibal said, running out of the castle.

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Inside the bag Charon, Will, and Abigail were having a discussion about what was going in.

"Matthew what the hell is going on??" Will yelled, using Charon's birth name. "One minute I'm talking to Abigail the next I see you and my fucking therapist, who apparently has a magic fucking sac, which sucked us all in! You better tell me what's going on or I swear I'll -"

"Relax, Will it'll all be fine! I'm getting you out of here, but to be fair I did not know that this was part of the plan." Matthew was getting a little dizzy from being shaken up like this, there wasn't exactly anything to hold on to in this damn bag.

"Um," the two men turned to face Abigail, who had finally decided to speak, "What's going on? I don't remember anything."

"Oh, shit Abigail I'm sorry, here." Will gave her a bracelet, it was intricately carved with a blessing that would grant Abigail a new body, so that Will could properly care for her. "I'm glad I was holding this before we were sucked in," he paused to glare at Matthew, who grinned sheepishly, "If I hadn't the second we make it to the surface, you'd begin to fade back into the underworld." he slipped the bracelet onto her wrist and patted her hand, before turning back to Matthew.

"What is going on Matthew, how is Hannibal capable of doing all of this?"
"Well my guess is that he's an old god, but hey, you said they were in the northern lands and that they keep to themselves."

"They do!" Will snapped "No one has seen an old god for over three thousand years. Whatever Hannibal is, it's not him."

"Will, you're in denial and that's fine, but you can't ignore the fact that your therapist is not human."

"How does he even expect to hide from my father? He'll be a sitting duck."

"Something tells me he planned for this moment from the get-go, Will. I think Hannibal will be fine for a while."

Will didn't say anything more, he simply turned and hugged Abigail close to him, she couldn't talk much because of her throat, but he could see she was clearly panicking. Matthew sighed and leaned back, they were in for a long ride.

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When Hannibal made it to the entrance of the underworld, he heard the roaring of millions of souls going haywire without a ferryman to keep them in line.
"Charon wasn't lying." He said to himself. He then closed his eyes and concentrated, when he opened them, he had materialized in Will Graham's living room. He looked around, and didn't see Bedelia or Franklyn around, he was certain that they would turn up relatively unharmed,

well, Bedelia at least. The remaining four dogs Will had scrambled up to him, expecting treats. Instead he opened up his bag and out flew three bodies. Two more than Hannibal wanted, but there wasn't much he could do about that. He sat down on the couch and prepared for a long discussion

Discussions

Chapter Summary

Hannibal and Will have a talk. Hannibal gives his reasons as to why he's chosen Will as a mate, Will is, understandably, unhappy.

Chapter Notes

So Hannibal is a dick and the next couple of chapters are gonna be fillers involving Bedelia and Franklyn's road trip to Wolf Trap and Jack and Bella dealing with Bella's cancer. It all ties in together I promise.
Thanks for reading!
(not beta read)

Hannibal sat down and watched Will, Charon, and vaguely familiar girl stumble around on Will's living room floor for a bit until finally they all collapsed in various states of disarray.

"Hello Will." Hannibal tried, knowing Will wouldn't be able to say much. As predicted, all Will could do was sit on the floor and glare at Hannibal, slightly cross-eyed.

"I have brought you back to the upper world to make a proposal."

"I'll say." Muttered Charon.

Hannibal sighed, of all people to regain the ability to talk, it had to be the one who wouldn't shut up.

"Hush, I will honor my agreement, but you are trying my patience. As I was saying, William, I have a proposal for you. I have been courting you for the past ten months." He paused to gauge Will's reaction, it was as delicious as he imagined. Will's face was s mix of horror, disbelief, and just a little awe. "A crucial point in the bonding process was interrupted by your father's interference."

Will chose this time to cut in, "Interfered? He was protecting me! You've been courting me this whole time? Hannibal I trusted you!"

"And I you, William, but I need -"

"To hell with what you need!" Will shouted, "You've been courting me! I - How have- Why would you even do this? What could I possibly have to offer."

"A union between us would forge a bond so strong, nothing could break it. You would bear me children that would be the strongest of the gods. We could forge a new age. Do not worry, I will not harm your friends, nor family, but I can't say the same for my kind."

"What are you talking about?" Will was still yelling, his breath labored. He looked close to panicking.

"William you have to calm down."

"The fuck I do!"

At this point Hannibal stood up and towered over Will, who was still sitting, for fear of falling over still.

"You will watch your tone." Hannibal said in a low warning tone.

"I will not be threatened in my own house." Will growled back. He was not about to sit here and roll over like a kicked dog. "Now, you will tell me what the hell is going on, or I won't cooperate with any more courting you decide to do, no matter the consequence. If you do, and you tell the truth, I might consider asking my father to allow the courtship, under his controlled supervision."

"You tell 'em Will." Matthew cut in.

"Shut up, Charon!" Will yelled.

At this point Hannibal had had enough of this insolent man's sharp tongue. So with a flick of his wrist, Matthew was thrown into the nearest closet and locked in.

Over the banging on the door, Hannibal continued, "William, or may I call you Silas?"

"What do you think?" Will growled.

"Very well, Silas. My people are becoming more and more boorish and idiotic by the second. Their continued isolation from their culture and civilization has turned a once noble civilization into mindless animals. I seek to rectify that. My people cannot be saved, and I don't wish to save them. However, a life of loneliness is not one I wanted for myself. I planned for a mate, and children, but that was taken from me. I plan to take it back. You, young Silas are my pathway to a healthy restart. I do not want any harm to come to you, but the Olympians in their fear have taken everything from me, and I intend to return the favor."

"Hannibal, I am sorry for the suffering of your people, I truly am. But, you cannot just take me as a mate! I have to give consent to this!" Will said, he was starting to get a little nervous.

"Silas, you must understand that you have already accepted my gifts. You have eaten the flesh of my sacrifices to you, and you have taken in my blood as communion."

"I don't remember doing any of this Hannibal. What have you done?" Will was whispering now, too afraid to hear what would inevitably come.

"I have slaughtered the unworthy, and fed them to you, in the meals that I serve. I have taken the blood from my veins and you drank it, thinking it the sweetest wine. You have taken the power of the souls that I have stolen for you, you are already mine, there is only the consummation to discuss, but I believe we have no time for that. Your father no doubt knows you're missing and he knows you're here. He cannot get to us though due to the protection spell I had Franklyn put down a few days ago. No unauthorized bodies are getting in, or out. Not until negotiations are struck, and you and I will be free to mate.

Will could only stare in horror as his fate slowly sank in.

Roadtrip

Chapter Summary

> Bedelia and Franklyn take a road trip out to Wolf Trap, Virginia, but first they have to make a couple of pit stops.

Chapter Notes

> Ha this might look like a filler, but it is in fact, a slightly important chapter so there. Bedelia and Franklyn are quickly becoming my brOTP and yes Bedelia is meant to sound like Franklyn's mom or older sister but thats only because in any other life she would be the mom of the friend group
> edit: I DIDNT REALIZE I PUT MY NOTES IN FOR THAT CHAPTER IN THE FINAL DRAFT I AM SO DUMB PLEASE FORGIVE

"Ok Franklyn, I'm going to estimate that we have maybe twelve hours before they realize that you lied to them and Hannibal's taken the son of Hades. We have to make a couple of stops, but you have to help me make it fast." Bedelia said as she brusquely walked him to her car. "You have to think of anything you need now before we get to the safe house, because once we get in it'll be too dangerous to leave, Hannibal won't risk it."

"Ok, that's fine. Um I'll make a list."

"Franklyn make sure it's all important stuff." Bedelia said, with a stern voice.

"It will be I promise."

Franklyn then gave Bedelia the instructions to the place to where they needed to go.

"Franklyn what is this?" Bedelia sighed.

"Petco." Franklyn whispered.

"How many times have I told you, you aren't responsible enough to take care of a pet Franklyn? I had to give your pet rabbit away because you were too busy to properly care for her."

"It's not for me! Will has dogs! What if he runs out of food for them while the negotiations are going on? Bedelia I couldn't live with myself if they were hurt because we didn't care

enough to pick up a couple of bags of food for them!"

"I still don't see why we couldn't get the food from someplace cheaper." Bedelia grumbled, getting out of the car.

When they got inside, they were greeted by an over-friendly store worker. Naturally, Franklyn struck up a conversation on something that was irrelevant to what they were there for.

"This is just like the time we were at the farmer's market for Hannibal." Bedelia said to herself. She grabbed a cart and walked over to a different floor worker and politely asked where the dog food was. When the woman pointed her in the right direction, Bedelia thanked her and left to find the aisle. When she was finished she grabbed Franklyn, who was talking to a customer now, and hauled him up to the checkout line.

"Hey you got the food! What's the rest of this though? Let's see a couple of bags of treats and some toys? Bedelia, you like dogs? How come we never got a dog?"

"I had them growing up." She replied, "Although they were used more for guarding the house and vineyards, rather than to have as house pets. Never mind that, do you have your credit card? It was your idea to come here. I'm only paying for food for us and nothing else."

"Yeah, yeah I remembered to bring it when you told me. I'm not that absent minded, you know." Franklyn said, pulling out his credit card that Bedelia had gotten for him last year.

After they paid and loaded up the car, they pulled off. Bedelia drove them to a nearby grocery store to get as much food as they could.

"I haven't been in a Costco's in what feels like forever. Ever since you and Hannibal took me in I've been eating his food. Oh man I haven't had junk food in almost a decade."

"Franklyn calm down, we're here to pick up actual food. Any junk food you get you pay for, and I'm not defending you to Hannibal when he sees what you buy." Bedelia said, looking at the list Franklyn made. Most of it was just regular food, that could sustain two people for a while. She looked up to tell Franklyn that she was happy that he didn't put useless foods on the menu, only to discover that he had run off. She sighed and began to look for the items on the list, leaving Franklyn to his own devices. The store was almost empty, it was so late at night, they had gotten to the pet store an hour before closing, and the two just barely managed to find this 24 market. It wouldn't be hard to find him again.

When they had gotten their things and headed back to the car, Franklyn sat in the front seat, eating Twislers and humming a song. Bedelia was keeping a sharp eye out, there was one last thing they needed to get before they got to the safe house. Suddenly she saw her target. Under a broken streetlamp on an abandoned road, she saw the slight glint of a knife being flashed. There was someone under there, waiting to jump an unsuspecting person. Bedelia drove around the block, and grabbed a knife of her own from the glove box. She needed to feed Hannibal too, and this person would keep him healthy during the proceedings.

Quiet as a mouse she snuck up behind her victim, Franklyn was at the car, with rope and sedatives. All Bedelia had to do was drag him back to the car. No big deal. Bedelia took a deep breath and slunk forwards. Hiding the sounds of her movements through skill and a little magic. The killer finally figured out that someone was stalking him, but it was too late, she had her knife to his throat, holding him still. The man begged for his life, of course, this part always had her laughing. What right did they have to ask for their lives back, when they were so willing to take someone else's.

She twisted the man's neck, paralyzing him. She dragged his body all the way to the truck, and smirked at Franklyn's disappointed face when he saw that he wouldn't get to practice any new knots on this one.

"Next time, Franklyn." Bedelia said.

Franklyn just huffed and helped her load the man into the car along with the rest of the groceries. Together the two made their way to Wolf Trap, Virginia in search of their master.

the Messenger

Chapter Summary

Bella and Jack share their final moments

Chapter Notes

i had this chapter planned since before I started writing you don't even know how much I love Bella

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Bella Crawford was in so much pain. The doctors asked her if she wanted them to increase her morphine intake, but she refused each time they did. She needed to be fully conscious in order to say what she needed to Jack. When they last visited the doctors, they said she would have more time than they estimated. Their quiet hopes were crushed when out of the blue, Bella took a turn for the worse. Jack came home one day to find her on the floor, unconscious. She didn't wake up for about three agonizing days. The doctors told Jack that she might not even live through the week. Jack never left Bella's side. Suddenly, she began to speak for the first time since she was admitted into the hospital.

"Jack," came Bella's barely there voice. "Jack, please listen to me. I'm dying there isn't any more question about it." Jack opened his mouth to try and say something, but Bella cut him off. "Don't you dare start with me Jack. Let me say what I need to say. I love you more than everything, and I gave up everything to be with you." She paused to try and take in air. "You have to listen to me when I say that I don't regret a single thing about the time we had together. You have given me so much, and I promise that you will be ok without me. You won't be alone for long I swear. I have a bone to pick with the gods, they can't keep us apart like this." She said with an oddly determined look in her eyes.

"Bella, you know I think that whole life after death stuff is unreliable at best, I love you but I'm no optimist." Jack said, his voice faltering. He knew it was almost time.

"Shut up Jack, let me have this." Bella said, with a small smile. Even in all this, he still hold to his ideals. "You promise me something. You promise me that you won't fuss, or put up a fight, or hurt anyone out of anger when I'm gone. I'll be watching you, mister."

Jack could only smile at her, his Bella. Despite what little time he had to try and cope, he couldn't get past square one. Seeing her face just made him angry. She didn't deserve this. If anyone did, it was him, but that old line had been played over and over again. He could feel

tears falling down his face, and he hated himself for it. Bella wasn't crying, and she was the one about to die. He reached out to hold her hand and they sat there together. Even after Bella's monitor had flat lined, and the doctors came in, Jack still sat in the chair, staring at Bella, tears falling freely down his face.

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When Bella opened her eyes again, the light was a lot softer than the sterile harsh lighting in her hospital room. She was lying on a bed much softer than the ones there too. She angrily hopped out of the bed and walked up to the door and began to bang on it

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“Let me out! I know you can hear me! I said let me out!” she continued to pound on the giant doors, until they were flung open by an calm-faced Zeus.

“You said I could stay with him!” She hissed. She had no time for her uncle’s mind games. “You said we could be together for all eternity, so why must you do this now?”

“Iris,” Her uncle said in a gently voice, as if he were talking to a child, “there’s been an emergency.”

“You couldn’t handle it yourselves?” She snapped. What kind of emergency could possibly be big enough to take her away from Jack? Her having cancer was something she accidentally allowed her mortal form to slip in to. She was going to make it look like she suddenly started responding to treatment. Then the gods took over and stole her from her husband.

“Silas has been kidnapped.” Zeus said gravely.

“What?” she gasped. That was impossible, Hades kept such a close eye on him, there was no way that someone could just, slip in and steal him.

“One of the old gods made their way back to the civilized world. He seems to be fully in control of itself enough to properly survive among humans, which is something we've never seen before. It seems to have taken Silas to try and mate with him. He has him in a protection circle that we cannot get into. We do not know how long the mating process has been going on for, nor what it even entails, but, we know that he’s been preparing for this for a long time. We need you to go and assess the damage done in that beast’s wake. Once you are finished, you may return to your husband, for now, you must hurry.”

Bella could only nod in assent.

Chapter End Notes

Iris is the personification of the rainbow and messenger of the gods. She is also known as one of the goddesses of the sea and the sky. She links the gods to humanity.

Negotiations

Chapter Summary

Bedelia and Bella have a talk

Chapter Notes

This is so short but it took me so long

Hannibal sat in the window, watching Will try to escape for the fourth time that day. He chuckled to himself, Will was a determined little god. As Hannibal watched Will fail again, he felt a presence coming on from outside the protection field. He was confident no one could get past the barrier, however, what was odd was that there was nothing coming from whatever was out there. Over the past five days they have been there, Hannibal has felt several feeble attacks coming from outside the barrier. This must be their negotiator.

"Franklyn!" Hannibal called. Franklyn was in the kitchen, trying to find where Hannibal his junk food.
"Yes?" cam the aggravated groan from the kitchen. After Hannibal didn't respond, he shuffled out to the living room, where Hannibal was sitting.

"Where is Bedelia?"

"I'm going to hazard a guess that she's outside, making sure Will really doesn't push through the barrier, but I'm not so sure."

"How can you not be sure? She's your mistress, you're aware of her at all times!" Hannibal hissed. He needed Bedelia here now.

"I'll go double check then." Franklyn said, before shuffling out the door. After about ten minutes, Bedelia walked through the door, dragging a hogtied Matthew along with her.

"He was looking for weak spots." She said when Hannibal raised his eyebrow in question. "Seeing as this barrier wasn't supposed to contain him, or the girl, I took extreme measures."

"Well, leave him with Franklyn. I think the Olympians finally sent a negotiator."

"Interesting," Bedelia said. "How am I important in all this?"

"You will be negotiating with them."

"Joy." Bedelia sighed.

***

"Will, Will! I think someone is here to try and talk to Hannibal."
Will turned around to see Abigail running towards him, well more of a fast hobble. She was getting better at talking, able to manage small conversations in a quiet voice. The only person who knew this was Will. They both decided the less Hannibal knew, the better.

"What? Are you sure?"

"I heard him and Bedelia talking about the Olympians. Apparently they sent someone to negotiate your release." Abigail said, choking slightly on her words.

"OK, OK, Abigail. Just calm down, don't wear out your voice. Look, let's go find Matty, I made him go look for weak spots, maybe he found one. One of us could leave and tell the negotiator what they're up against."
"Can't. The Priestess caught him. He's tied up inside." Abigail choked out.

Will sighed and nodded. "Come on Abigail, we should move out of the line of fire if that's the case."

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Bedelia walked out into the field, and watched Abigail and Will walk towards the shed, where they've been hiding out for most of their time in captivity. She sighed, she had no idea how Hannibal was going to get to the young god. Hannibal was inside the house, no doubt categorizing every movement she made.

As she picked his way to the edge of the barrier, she could make out the hint of a shadow. It belonged to whoever was outside the barrier. Whoever was behind there would hopefully be polite, and not try to do something idiotic, like shoving their way past her.

Bedelia took a deep breath and took down the mirror enchantment from the barrier so she could see the face of the mystery person. She was greeted by the calm face of Iris. Bedelia couldn't believe the amount of relief that Hades wasn't the one she saw. He was notoriously irritating, and had a hard time listening to others.

"You are not the one I am looking for." Iris said in a calm voice.

"I am his ward. The old god refuses to speak to anyone, he doesn't want to risk anyone seeing him." Bedelia responded in kind.

"Can I trust you not to skew any of my words or actions. We all want this to be over with as soon as possible."

"It is the will of the gods that this goes smoothly." Bedelia said with a smirk.

"Then let's begin."

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"My mentor's race is dying out. They have gone completely feral due to the ignorance of your king and your people. His kind was not meant to be cut off in a land of ice. They have either starved out, or resorted to cannibalism, which drove them mad. He is the born king of his people and escaped his fate. Despite what you've been taught, his kind is not meant to be alone. Suitable mating partners have essentially been eliminated. He refuses to suffer alone. "

"Your mentor has taken someone very special from us. If he would like I can send up word to Zeus and he can find him a suitable mate. He would have his pick of the finest deities on Olympus, within reason."

"I highly doubt that he will get his pick." Bedelia said in a dry voice. "My mentor will not settle for the boorish dredges of your kind. He is royalty, so he will marry royalty. Anything less would be an insult."

"Even if he held onto Silas, there's no way they could bond, in either his culture of ours. Their biology won't be compatible until after they've bonded for the first time. Hannibal would need a host that is similar to his kind for the first bonding. You do not fit that description, the magic coursing through your veins makes you more like your mentor than any human, much less an Olympian. There won't be a single Olympian who would be able to help him." Iris said, with a straight face. Bedelia had to give it to her. If their roles were reversed, she would have the most smug look on her face that she could muster.

"When my mentor finds a way to mate with Silas, he will impregnate him. They will be bonded and to destroy Hannibal would destroy Silas." Bedelia said in warning.

"Until that time, I will be back tomorrow, once we've both had time to speak to our respective masters." Iris said with a slight bow, before disappearing in a wisp of smoke.

Once she was gone, Bedelia smiled to herself. Hannibal was counting on them not noticing Charon's disappearance, or at least that they wouldn't associate Silas's kidnapping with the disappearance of the ferryman. Bedelia was positive Iris wouldn't have told her about the obligations for mating if she knew that they had an ace up their sleeve. She had a lot to tell Hannibal.

Contemplations

Chapter Summary

Bella thinks on what she's done

Chapter Notes

i estimate maybe ten more chapters. possibly? anywho i am enjoying writing this
when i'm finished i'm definitely going to go over this story and rewrite some stuff
though
for now i just want to finish

When Iris rode the winds back home she contemplated what she was doing. She knew that Bedelia wasn't an idiot. Bedelia was probably telling her master about the vessel he needed to mate Will. Hell, they might even have one stored away within the barrier. Still, Iris couldn't manage to muster up any remorse for her actions. She was sick of the gods selfish pursuits. She couldn't help but think that if Zeus wasn't so driven by fear, then this whole encounter could have been avoided. If the old gods weren't driven from their homeland, then Bedelia's mentor would still have his family.

The old god's pursuit of Silas was spurred on by loss. Iris was there, when Zeus sent Ares to strike down as many of the old gods as he could. She remembered the screams of them as their people were slaughtered in hoards. After the confused and desolate race was nearly eradicated, Zeus offered them a choice. Either the leaders of the old gods take their kind to the northern lands, or he has the last of them executed. She had to lead them to the northern lands.

Despite their penchant for violence and pain old gods were loving towards their own. Bedelia's mentor would be kind to Silas and take better care of him that his father ever could. There was no hope anyway, the god had the Olympians against a wall. Silas was as good as his already, their bonding was set in stone the moment the old god met Silas. It would have been much easier on everyone if Hades weren't so protective of his youngest son. All of his other children were free to live their lives as they pleased before they reached maturity. Silas resembled like his mother too much for Hades' liking. Persephone would be accepting of the union though, she was a practical person. Hades smothering bothered her to no end, she experienced parental smothering firsthand. She knew the separation would be the best for her son. Hades sheltered and smothered the poor boy, despite his mother attempting to persuade

Hades to allow her son some liberties. Now he's quite possibly lost his youngest child forever.

Despite Hades impending grief, Iris still couldn't bring herself to care about him.

***
Bedelia briskly walked across the weed-strewn lawn back to the house. Hannibal was going to be glad he decided to bring Charon with him. They would need to set up the ritual soon. Hannibal was going have to invade Charon's body to perform the consummation. It would take three days to prepare the union bed, and she knew Hannibal would have his hands full with Will and Abigail until then.

"Hannibal, there isn't much time." She said urgently. "Franklyn and I will prepare the back bedroom for the union, you have to keep Will away do you understand?"

Hannibal looked up at her from his position on the couch. "I hope you realize that I am your master, correct? You cannot just speak to me that way." Hannibal said with no real ire.

"Are you listening to me Hannibal? You need to prepare Silas as best you can!"
"Very well." Hannibal said before standing up and walking out the front door to go check on Will.

"Franklyn! We have work to do!" Bedelia called before striding towards the bedroom.

Switch

Chapter Summary

Hannibal and Charon finally switch bodies

Chapter Notes

Next chapter they have sex i promise
maybe

As Bedelia and Franklyn began preparing the back room Hannibal left the house to find Will. He finally found him in the barn with his dogs, hiding from him again. Hannibal stood outside and listened to his mate and Abigail talk.

"Will, I've checked everywhere, there's no weak spots in the barrier, we're stuck here."

"Hannibal's plan is set in stone. I have absolutely no idea how we are supposed to even begin to escape until he gets what he wants." Will sighed.

"Do you not want a mate?"

"I don't know. I certainly didn't want one like this. I wanted to be properly courted by someone. Hannibal apparently has been courting me for Zeus knows how long, I've probably already imprinted on him, lately when I'm not having nightmares, I'm dreaming about Hannibal."

"Do you think that you'll ever grow used to being Hannibal's mate?"

"I don't think so. That might not necessarily be a bad thing, but so far is definitely not a good thing. But the more I think about it, the more I realize that I'm caught between a rock and a hard place. If I stay here I'll be mated to Hannibal if I manage to escape I have to go back to my father. After this debacle, he'll never let me out of the underworld again."

"Do you know what to do during the mating? Not that I know I'm just curious. "

"I've never been with anyone." Will laughed bitterly. "My father chased away any potential suitors."

Hannibal was satisfied with what he heard so he walked back to the house to think about bow he was to proceed.

***
Over the course of the three days Franklyn and Bedelia spent preparing the bedroom Iris came back twice.

Mostly she talked to Bedelia about Will and how he's fairing. Bedelia was suspicious as to why she wasn't actively trying to get her to release him, but for now she wasn't going to look a gift horse in the mouth.

She exhaled as she watched Iris evaporate into smoke and disappear, riding the winds back home. This should be the last day Franklyn and her spent preparing for Hannibal's impending union with Will. She walked across the lawn for and walked to the bedroom, where Franklyn was playing to one of Will's dogs.

"Franklyn get her out of here, she might contaminate the bedroom."
Franklyn pouted but did as he was told. When the little dog was sent out of the room, the two began to set themselves up to bless the bed for the umpteenth time. There were several blessings to bestow upon a marriage bed, today's was a fertility spell. This would be the last one for the night. The next day Hannibal will take control of Charon's body in order to bond with Will. Naturally Charon is upset with this, but he has little choice in the matter.
***

The next day everything was set in stone. Iris came by, but Bedelia didn't go talk to her as usual, there was nothing more to say. Will and Abigail were in the shed, and Matthew was tied to a chair in the living room gagged and blindfolded with his ears plugged. The goal was to channel Charon's spirit into specially made temporary trap for his soul, while Hannibal had control of his body. Hannibal's body would be more or less empty.

Bedelia and Hannibal sat his chair on a makeshift altar that would help Hannibal take over Charon's body. Hannibal sat on the edge of the altar and waited for Bedelia to begin the ritual. Franklyn had been sent off to make sure neither Will nor Abigail came to interrupt the two.

Bedelia took a bone knife from Hannibal's antlers and made a small incision right above where his heard should be. She did the same to Charon, and hushed him when he jumped from being cut. After laying the knife down she transferred some of Charon's blood into Hannibal's cut and vice versa. Their wounds began to glow an eerie blue light, and Bedelia knew it was time. She began to read aloud the rights that would allow Hannibal to enter Charon's body without causing harm to his own. As she neared the end of her chant, the blue light began to brighten to an almost blinding state, Bedelia had to shield her eyes before continuing. Finally Bedelia stopped, and the light quickly cut out, leaving the three in near darkness.

Hannibal's body landed on the ground with a dull and heavy thud. Bedelia propped his body up against the far wall and went to see if Hannibal had successfully taken over Charon's body or not. When she pulled off the gag, she was more than a little shocked to hear Hannibal's voice come from Charon's mouth.

"This is a bit disconcerting." He said. "I hope this gets easier with time, if not the mating process will be more than a little uncomfortable."

"I'm sure you'll struggle through." Bedelia said in a dry voice. She didn't show it, but she was relieved that Hannibal made it into Charon's body safely. Doing the ritual while one party is unwilling can be extremely difficult. She was just glad Charon didn't get into Hannibal's body.

'It would be all over if that happened', Bedelia mused as she undid the rest of Hannibal's bindings.

"Tell Franklyn to bring me Will. It's time."

Consummation

Chapter Summary

Hannibal and Will seal their bond

Chapter Notes

ha! i struggled so much during this chapter so i'm sorry it sucked ugh
i promise when Hannibal is back in his body i'll do better bleh
but we're coming to a close on this part of the series
i'm p sure the next part will be focused on Hades and how he's dealing with all this
(hint: not friggin well)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal watched Bedelia leave to go fetch Will and he mentally prepared himself an argument for why he and Will should mate. He thought of all the arguments that Will could possibly bring up and he came up with reasonable solutions to most of them. Hannibal wasn't an unnecessarily cruel god, he would allow Will to have his *animals,* and he would be able to see his family on occasion, but there was no way he was getting out of this bond. The two of them were too far deep into the ritual to stop it now without severe consequences to both parties.

Suddenly the door banged opened and in stormed a Will with Abigail trailing nervously behind him. Bedelia came in after them with them with an amused look on her face.

"Just what the *fuck* did you do to Matthew?" Will screamed at Hannibal.

"I'll just leave you to it then, hmm?" Bedelia said with a small smirk. She grabbed Abigail's hand and gently led her out of the bedroom. "Don't worry, Abigail, your master will be just fine." She said softly at the girl's protests before closing the door behind them.

"Silas." Hannibal started.

"Shut up. If you want me to actually listen to you, then use the name you know me by. Mate or not you do not have the right to use my birth name. I can't believe- I have so many issues with all of this! The primary one is that you felt the need to trick me into accepting and going along with this fucked up courtship. How could you do this to me? How deep in this am I, Hannibal? Tell me!"

"I apologize for the deceit, Will. I was certain that you wouldn't accept my courting gifts at face value. Our cultures do not coincide, and you would have found some of my offerings... less *palatable* I admit the measures I took were-are, desperate, but the end result I can assure you will be more than worth it."

"For you maybe, but not me! You were my friend and confidant and you took everything I told you and you used it against me." Will could feel tears burning his eyes, but he refused to let them fall. He wouldn't let Hannibal have the satisfaction of seeing Will's emotions get any more haywire. It didn't help that Hannibal was being so calm about this entire thing.

"I needed every ounce of leverage I could get. I need you with me."

"You've caused so much death to innocent people Hannibal! You cooked and fed their corpses to me! You stole souls and bound them to me so that I could *feed* off of them! By Hades' Law you should be punished, and cast down into Tartarus for that transgression alone!" Will was yelling now, he couldn't stop his tears from leaking down his face. He was damned and Hannibal knew it.

"Will that is how my people have survived. Do you truly think any of those people were innocent? They were all vapid, shallow, rude little beasts. They were useless sacs of flesh and bone, and I turned them into something beautiful. I fed the people I care about the flesh of those who would harm them otherwise. You, you I gave the best. I gave you my sacrifices that Bedelia had made to me. That is equivalent of giving you pieces of me. And as for your father's law, I do not abide by the Olympian's rules now do I?"

"Hannibal that's…" Will breathed, "Your sacrifices, you need those to function properly! Why have you been giving them to me you absolute *idiot*!?" Will's voice had risen to a shout again and Hannibal stood in awe of Will's passion. Hannibal wanted to get this initial mating over with so that he could bed Will properly, in his own body, but he had to get Will to calm down first.

"Will, my kind does not do well with being alone. When Zeus sent Ares to destroy us there were so many pair bonds that were broken due to your uncle's ire and prejudice. We only mate once in our entire lives Will. After one mate dies, the other often follows. We do not do well on our own, Will. We need mates, and I have chosen you as mine."

"Hannibal." Will sighed, he knew mating with Hannibal was his only way of escaping his father's smothering. He could see worse ways out of his situation. He nodded and glared up at Hannibal through his eyelashes.

Hannibal grinned, knowing he won this round

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Hannibal reached out and snatched Will's arm and pushed him down onto the bed and fell on top of him. His movements were still a little choppy, but he was quickly getting the hang of it.

"Wait, wait!" Will said frantically. "What about Matthew?"

"I assure you he's fine, a little miffed most likely, but he'll get over it." Hannibal breathed, nibbling into Will's neck. He ground his hips down onto Will's and smirked when he groaned.

"Hannibal I'm- I don't-"

"Shh, I'll take care of everything, just lay back.

"It's more than a little weird looking at Matthew's face and hearing your voice."
"I assure you it's no more uncomfortable than using his body, especially like this."

"I guess so. Shit, Hannibal!" Will yelled when Hannibal ripped off his old plaid shirt, causing buttons to fly everywhere. Hannibal roughly took off Will's ruined shirt and went for his pants a singular target in mind.

"Shit, fucking hell Hannibal." Will choked out when Hannibal's hand closed around Will's cock, stroking him to full hardness.

Will jerked when Hannibal released him and began to quickly take off his own clothing, or rather, Matthew's clothes, and lay back down on top of him. Hannibal hungrily kissed him again and ground his naked hips down onto Will.

Hannibal grabbed the scented oil that Bedelia prepared for them, and sat back up. He grabbed one of Will's legs and put it over his shoulder, and prodded Will's asshole with a slick finger causing Will to yelp. Hannibal growled at the little noise and unceremoniously shoved the first finger in.

After the first finger, he made fast work of stretching Will open, wanting to get this over with and get back into his own body. He would take his time then. He spread more oils on his (Matthew's) cock and slowly pushed inside Will with a groan.

"Ah, ahh, Hannibal!" Will whined. He wasn't used to this feeling, like he was going to burst at the seams.

"Hold on to me." Hannibal whispered. After Will tightly wrapped his arms around Hannibal's temporary neck, he began a slow rotating motion with his hips that caused Will to buck up. Soon, after a quick readjustment Hannibal changed his pace to long pounding thrusts, constantly hitting on Will's prostate making him scream.

"You've never done this before, have you? Answer me!" Hannibal growled.

"N-no I - *fuck*! Hannibal! M-more!" Will felt like he was being boiled alive from the inside. Every nerve of his was singing, and he could hear his pulse pounding in his ears. His cock was leaking profusely onto his stomach and he was going to come very soon.

"Greedy little slut aren't you?" Hannibal said,
Hannibal saw the desperation in his eyes and grabbed Will's cock giving it a rough pull. After that, Will was gone. He opened his mouth in a silent scream and came all over himself.

Hannibal didn't last long after that. He leaned down and Will thought he was going to whisper something to him again, but he jumped when Hannibal sunk his teeth into his throat. The taste of Will's divine blood rushing over his tongue pushed Hannibal over the edge and he came deep inside Will with a grunt. After a moment, Hannibal collapsed down next to Will and hugged him close. In the morning, Charon would have his body back, and Hannibal his. He could feel the bonding magic flowing through his soul and he smiled to himself, thinking about how he would spend the rest of eternity with his new mate.

Chapter End Notes

My Tumblr

Epilogue

Chapter Notes

> this is the end first part of the series! I kinda just wanted to move on to the next part, which i'll start soon enough maybe within the next month possibly

Hannibal left Will asleep on his bed and shakily stood up to go find Bedelia. Body switching was not supposed to be long term, and it certainly wasn't meant to be used for sex. Hell, in his culture it was a way to get food. The old gods would invade the body, pushing out the soul that lived in it. The soul would be devoured while the body was still being kept alive, that way, the soul wouldn't be dragged down into the underworld the second it left its host. Hannibal slowly walked out into the living room to get Bedelia to undo the curse.

"Bedelia. Bedelia!, Where are you, child?"

"I'm long past childhood, Hannibal." came an amused voice form the kitchen.

"I am as old as time, Bedelia. You will always be a child to me, now come undo this awful spell. I think I can feel the kidneys in this body shutting down."

"Fine go get the jar that has Charon's soul in it and I'll see what I can do." Bedelia sighed, "Franklyn! Come on, back to work!"

Hannibal heard a dull thud as Franklyn collided with something. *He's so short he probably hit his head on the kitchen table.* Hannibal snickered at the thought.

"Hannibal, stop laughing at Franklyn, he tries very hard, now come in here and sit so we can get this over with." Bedelia snapped.

Still smirking, Hannibal followed her back into the bedroom. Will had woken up at this point and was lounging on the bed watching with curious eyes as Bedelia tied Hannibal up to a chair and she grabbed his discarded body and did the same to it.

"Why are you tying Hannibal's body up as well?" Will asked.

"If your friend's soul gets into Hannibal's body, it could cause catastrophe. The rope won't prevent much, but it'll buy me some time to cut off his head."

"That'll kill them both!" Will said throwing off the covers and marching over to her, uncaring that he was still naked. "Why would she need to cut off your head if Matthew got a hold of your body?" Will yelled, looking at Hannibal

"If your friend get a hold of Hannibal's body he'd go mad, Hannibal maintains his power at a specific power, right now they're dormant, because Hannibal isn't controlling them, but the second he gets back into his body they'll need to be put under his control. If Charon took his body then Hannibal's powers will go haywire and possibly destroy anything within a four hundred mile radius before burning out." Bedelia said. "I desperately hope it won't come to that."

"Will, darling, Bedelia knows what she's doing I have complete faith in her. I've certainly known her long enough. I've never had to question her abilities as a witch in the extensive time that I've known her. Everyone will be perfectly fine." Hannibal was telling half-truths at this point. Bedelia has never performed the reverse of this curse before, and he could taste her anxiety.

"Ok Will I need you to step back so you don't get caught in the fray." Bedelia said before gently pushing him back.

She opened an extremely old looking book and began to chant words in a dead language. Will looked on in a combination of horror and awe as a white light began to surround the triad. Suddenly, the light peaked, and became blinding. When Bedelia stopped talking, the light cut out suddenly, leaving Will momentarily blind.

"Fuck." Will heard come from the darkness, and his blood ran cold.

"Fuck, fuck, *fuck*!"

Will realized it wasn't Bedelia speaking, but Matthew. He took that as a good sign and attempted to breathe again.

"What did you *do* to me?" Matthew sounded like he was close to hysterics.

Will was beginning to regain his sight and he could see that Matthew was on the verge of tears. The man looked like he was on the verge of a mental break, but Bedelia was too busy checking a dazed Hannibal over to do anything important at the moment.

Will stood up and stumbled clumsily over to his friend and tried to hold him, only to be shoved away. Will stepped back, trying to give his friend some space, but it was a struggle, seeing one of his closest friends in so much distress. He jumped when he felt a hand on his shoulder. Will turned and was greeted with Bedelia's solemn face.

"Hannibal will be fine, however Matthew is going through a form of withdrawal. When Hannibal returned his body, the transition wasn't as clean as I had hoped it would be. Hannibal is fine, though he will be exhausted for a few days. Matthew on the other hand has broken his bond with your father and his entire body will rebel against him, while Hannibal's magic takes over. We will have to keep a close eye on him, to make sure he doesn't injure himself." As if on cue, Matthew keeled over and puked on Will's shitty carpet.

"Matthew!" Will shouted, rushing over to him. "Matthew, *Matty*, look at me." Will said frantically, cradling his friend's head. Matthew eyes had rolled back in to his head and he was

on the verge of passing out. Turning to Bedelia with a concerned expression he asked how long Matthew would be in withdrawal and Hannibal in his own stupor.

"Hannibal will be like this for another day at least and Matthew's improvement will fluctuate depending on multiple factors. It could take days or weeks. At the longest, it could be a few months. His condition won't be continual, but he won't be in continual pain. His conditions will crest and fall as he continues on his journey."

Will hugged Matthew close and exhaled, preparing to face the rest of his life.
***

A few months later Hannibal and his new makeshift family took down the barrier surrounding Will's home. The gods have given Will up as a lost cause, there was nothing more they could do to separate Hannibal and his mate now without harming Will. They were all relieved to get out of the cramped little old home. Hannibal moved his mate and Abigail into his home in Baltimore, and Bedelia made Matthew move in with her and Franklyn to ensure that he wouldn't do anything stupid, like run back to the Olympians.

Late at night, Will could still feel the call of his mother and father. Begging him to return to them in the underworld, but he couldn't, even if he wanted to. There were times when out of the corner of his eye he thought he saw his brothers, but that was impossible, they weren't allowed topside during the day. He was just being paranoid, everything was fine.

***

In an obsidian castle deep in the center of the earth, a desperate father poured over hundreds of old tomes in forgotten languages. He searched for a way to free his son from an unholy bond to a flesh eating beast, and he would not rest until his little lamb was back home safe.

End Notes

My Tumblr

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!